**wind through a window**

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# wind through a window

by amosanguis

Summary

> “What do you see in your dreams, Will?”

Notes

> Fill for the prompt on kink meme: Hannibal/Will (or gen), Hannibal is the stag Will dreams about.

See the end of the work for more notes

-z-

“What do you see in your dreams, Will?”

It’s a simple enough question; but Will struggles to find the answer – rubbing a hand over his tired face and through his hair before looking at some point over your left shoulder.

“Killers and their victims,” he says finally. “And, more recently –” he hesitates, shakes his head, stands from the chair.

“And more recently?” you prod carefully.

“A stag,” he gestures to the elk statue by your door, “like that, only it had black feathers.”

You hide your smirk.

“Do you think there is some meaning to the stag with the black feathers? Or is it possible the statue simply stood out in your mind and your subconscious added the feathers?”

Will shakes his head again.

“I wouldn’t even have brought the creature up except that I was dreaming about it before I saw the statue.”

“Interesting,” is the only word that makes it through your lips before Jack Crawford is knocking on your door – wanting Will back for the latest victim.

-x-

When you see Will again – he’s asleep. Dreaming of stabbing Abigail and Garrett-Jacob, of disemboweling Jack and Alana and few others in white lab coats you don’t recognize.

And just as he turns away from his latest victim – he sees you. And then you shift and you trot up to him, stopping a small distance away, pawing at the blood-soaked soil at your feet.

“Dr. Lecter,” he says your name with a whisper, quiet and with reverence.

***Will***, you think, knowing he’ll hear you. ***Oh, brave little Will – do your nightmares ever cease?***

And you can’t help but notice how beautiful he looks covered in blood, the sun in his dreams shining bright and making the blood look brighter, redder. You also notice how he tightens his grip on the knife handle.

***Do not threaten me***, you think with a snort and toss of your head. ***I've shown myself to you, why would you wish to harm me?***

And then Will lets go of the knife and he's looking down at the blood on his hands and the bodies around him.

"What have I done?" he asks, grabbing his hair. "Dr. Lecter, what have I done?!"

And with another snort and a ruffle of your feathers, you change the scenery – the bodies are gone and Will is clean and there's nothing but forests around you and a fat, full moon hanging in the sky.

***Hush, William***, you whisper into his mind and take a few steps forward, you lower your muzzle and brush his cheek with your nose. ***You're fine now, I'm here, you're fine. Just lie down and everything will look better in the morning.***

And slowly, you lower yourself to the ground – Will following as he curls up next to you, nuzzling into your shoulder, and closing his eyes.

And when the edges of the dream reality begin to fade, as Will wakes, you shift back into your human form, quietly lay him down on the grass, and then stand.

"I'll see you soon, sweet Will," you say before turning and walking into the blackness – and out of Will's dreams.

-x-

You notice that Will's nightmares are worse on the days when he doesn't see you. So you make it a point to visit him on those nights.

You chase away the blood and the screaming, the fear and the insecurity – instead you bring him to your little clearing and you lay down and he cuddles in close.

Sometimes, as he's curled up beside you, he runs his fingers through your feathers, over your antlers, down your legs – and he whispers how beautiful you are, thanks you for being *safe*, asking that you never leave. To the latter you always respond, ***I'll never leave until you push me away.***

And as the weeks go by, you see him getting stronger with each night that passes quietly.

You can tell that he wants to tell you about the dreams, but you can also see his hesitation. He fears that if he talks about it, that it'll stop.

So you wait.

-x-

It's months later when you ask Will about his dreams again.

"Does the stag still haunt you?" you ask.

And there's a smile on Will's face when he answers with, "I don't think 'haunt' is the right word."

"Oh," you feign surprise, "and what would be the right word?"

"I don't know, 'visit', I guess," Will rubs the back of his neck. "He just kind of shows up when the nightmares start and then – poof, the nightmare ends."

"A protector, then?"

Will nods.

-x-

Then a werewolf comes to town – he's high on your scent and, quite stupidly, he's forgotten to wait for his pack. He waits until you and Will are out in the middle of nowhere, looking for any trace of your current serial killer's truck – and then he attacks.

*Foolish*, you think as you push Will out of the way and shift.

You meet the 'wolf, who's about the size of a small car, with your antlers down.

You hear Will call your name and you hear how he chokes when he sees you.

You watch the 'wolf trying to dance around you, trying to dive under you to get at your neck – but you haven't lived this long without learning how to protect yourself. So with a feint to the left, the wolf goes right, and with but the barest jerk of your head – you swipe him from the side and fling him up.

The 'wolf lets out a howl of pain, but it's cut off as you thrust your antlers down and shake – ripping him open.

"Dr. Lecter?" Will's voice is small and when you look at him, you know that you must be a terrible sight – flesh and fur hanging off your antlers, 'wolf blood covering your face.

And in the distance you hear another howl, quickly followed by an entire chorus. You shift quickly and grab Will by both shoulders.

"You need to run," you say, "I'll hold them off. Just get in the car and *drive*."

“What’s going on?” there’s desperation in Will’s voice and tears in his eyes and you just want to take him to your clearing and protect him.

“I’m so sorry, Will,” you lean in close and notice that, for once, Will is actually looking *in* your eyes – not your forehead or nose or chin – and it’s almost enough for you to pull him up for a kiss. But the howling is getting closer. “I’ll explain when I can – just please, get into the car and *go*!”

And you’re shoving him away and shifting.

“You mean *if* you can,” Will’s expression is horrified, “*if* you make it through this. Hannibal, please—”

And you would have danced at Will’s use of your first name, but there was no time. Instead, you lowered your antlers and kicked your front legs out – shoving him towards the car.

And Will screams his frustration, yells at you to ***come the fuck back to me, please, please*** and then he climbs into his car and speeds away.

And it’s not until Will is completely out of sight that you call out and race towards the ‘wolf pack.

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End.

End Notes

End notes: A more concrete ending is here.

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